

THE BAKUNIN INCORPORATED READER



GARRET SCHUELKE

Also by Garret Schuelke

Novels

Anamakee

Ebooks

Wotan

Blind Grave Robber/Agnostic Eggs

The Bakunin Incorporated Reader

Garret Schuelke

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“A person is strong only when he stands upon his own truth, when he speaks and acts from his deepest convictions. Then, whatever the situation he may be in, he always knows what he must say and do. He may fall, but he cannot bring shame upon himself or his cause.”--Mikhail Bakunin

Fuck Trotsky

The night he returned—on Halloween, real great holiday—all he could talk about was how tired he was, and why his mom, who was bringing his medical papers, must take the train because it was dangerous to drive to Kalamazoo. Between tirades, I imagined myself bullshitting him about the dangerous, deadly things that could happen on a train: a head on collision with another train, an Al-Qaeda operative putting an IED on the tracks, or a hijacking by white supremacists.

He didn't come to the ASJ meeting this week. I had a conversation with him later at the cafe where he proclaimed that the clocks in cars are on the side of the bourgeoisie, and that the clocks on trains are our side—the proletariat. “Hey, guess what?” I wanted to say. “I don't give a fuck about the clocks in cars and trains!

Before he completely lost it, he wrote a manifesto on his bedroom door and a rhyming poem. Next to the poems was a printed-off essay by Trotsky.

I'm so glad that fucker got an ice pick smashed into his head. It's just too bad that he didn't get assassinated sooner.

Cement Dust Blues

I got the cement dust blues
It's like I'm practically dead
I got the cement dust blues
It's like I'm practically dead
I would feel alive and well
If I was back in bed

I got punched in the stomach
And cement dust got sucked up into my lungs
I got punched in the stomach
And cement dust got sucked up into my lungs
My coughing fit was so violent
I nearly bit off my tongue

As the sun was coming up
We watched a ship come in
As the sun was coming up
We watched a ship come in
Now it's time to go back to work
We have to shovel dust into a bin

I was about to leave for the day
When the boss requested I work overtime
I was about to leave for the day
When the boss requested I work overtime
Somewhere in the world
These kinds of hours must be a crime

Cement dust got on my skin
Holy shit, does it burn
Cement dust got on my skin
Holy shit, does it burn
The area I've been assigned to clean up now
Just makes my stomach churn

Anywhere but
this room
would be great.

This bread is
tearing my
guts apart.

First Joni Mitchell,
now Kurt Cobain
?? Next ??

Mold is
flourishing underneath
the drawers.

My dog
doesn't mind that
his collar is twisted.

My tooth hurts.
Cavity?
God, I hope not.

Dying in bed—
weak numb,
don't wanna go.

Playing the
music loud—
not loud enough.

A biker
rides by
and nods.

In his compound,
Lydon LaRouche
makes up bullshit.

Open my eyes—
still dark out.
A new day is here.

I sat on
the floor and
cried.

In The Undead Protest

Though the pups were obsessed with chewing on my leg bones, the dogs I worked with were vastly better to be around than the old folks everyone else occupied themselves with for volunteer hours. I would also take a husky for a power walk on the trails each time I came over after school.

Two men came looking for a dog to take with them to Canada and Alaska. I suggested the husky, telling them I called him White Fang. They weren't amused by the Jack London reference as much as I was. I then tried to convince them to adopt Cory, the resident blind-and-deaf pug. I didn't tell them his handicaps until they waved their hands in front of him and whistled, only getting a snort for a response.

After they left, I hung out with the cats. I sat on a chair and they gathered around, each taking turns hopping onto my lap. I tried not to think of the disturbed man who the manager said visited the shelter once and let the cats crawl all over him, mumbling about how much he loved them, arms outstretched in pure cationic bliss.

Cory passed away before the new school year came around and I started volunteering again. The only place I knew where I could find some of his remains to pay respects to were mixed up with hundreds of other dogs and cats in the oven, floor, and walls of the Crematory. I looked at some dust on the window above the utility sink and ended that thought.

The pups from before were gone, replaced with a new batch that weren't mature enough to bite through my jeans yet.

I Don't Make Much Money

I don't make much money from this job I work
I mostly stand still all day 'till my body starts to hurt
Now I know you'll say something snarky, and might act like a jerk
But I don't make much money from this job that I work

I don't exactly fancy this job I have to do
But if I get fired, Lord knows that I'm screwed
I won't have enough money for my apartment, heat, or food
I don't make much money from this job that I do

**Based on the tune of "I Ain't Got Nobody", first heard from Woody Guthrie*

I kiss her,
she smiles.
We kiss some more.

An old friend
walked by—
didn't say "hi".

I shaved the
beard—
saved the mustache.

The sun
is going
down.

Someday my poems
and haikus will
transform into songs.

I might have
to read in
front of the class.

Gas is
slowly going
back up.

My dog
is covered
in mud.

Took a
shower—
feel refreshed.

My girl is
on a train
to Arkansas.

Which book
should I
choose?

I must
buy eggs
later on.

Corrected

Starts Jonathan Franzen novel

Stops after twenty pages

Tosses Jonathan Franzen novel in the trash

Starts reading “The Return of Tarzan” by Edgar Rice Burroughs

Can’t put Edgar Rice Burroughs novel down

Leaked Lyrics From Lil Wayne's Upcoming Album

Damn, bitch, motherfucker where the weed?
If no kush is available, then pussy's all I need
Every hoe wants to be a priest in Weezys creed
They gotta to be baptized on the face with F Baby's holy seed
The worlds greatest rapper, 2Pac in the sack
Bitches call my dick Makaveli when it disappears into their twats
Me and Birdman often role play, I'm the goon and he's the cop
The only thing that's real is that I'm the bottom and he's the top

The
One Big Union
is comig.

Going through
St. Johns on
the way home.

Jack Black was
wrong:
You CAN Win.

A gentle breeze
brings us
pleasure.

A kid says
my dog looks
like his Grandmas dog.

Bought two gallons
of milk and
five orange pushups.

Will I
meet her
today?

To cross the
street, we had
to crush some flowers.

I'll return
the videos
later.

I trust capitalism
as much as
I trust communism.

A beast broke
into the blind
and tore the installation up.

There are
too many ways
to die.

At The Warehouse One Afternoon

The Capitalist is
angry.

I taught you all
to work like
machines,
he says.

Why are you
acting like animals?

Snitch Blues

You probably already know
that I got my eyes on you
You probably already know
that I got my eyes on you
Well, you're not the only one I'm watching
it's the entire crew

I just adore the supervisor
he's my bestest pal
I jut adore the supervisor
he's my bestest pal
I love him even more
than I do my gal

I'm hoping you screw up
so I can run and tatttle
I'm hoping you screw up
so I can run and tatttle
The boss will chew you out so hard
it'll make your bones rattle

I'm so happy now
cause I got an extra day off (paid too!)
I'm so happy now
cause I got an extra day off (paid too!)
They say this is a hard, hard job
but for me it's not *that* rough

Two robin's
in a
tree.

This book
is kinda
new-looking.

Punk, folk,
blues...
I sing them all.

As I write
this, innocent people
are dying in Gaza.

Ripley Street Station
has been closed
for years.

“Michigan is one
of the colder states.”—
NO SHIT SHERLOCK.

Me and a bartender—
the only people
in the pool hall.

I'm gonna earn
fifty bucks
tomorrow.

I wish God
would reveal himself
more often.

All the cans
I find
are crushed.

I catch a
dandelion floating
in the wind.

My dog—
not very smooth
around bitches.

Misery Machine

Whenever you get sad, lonely, and/or depressed, give me a ring. I will absorb all your darkness into my heart.

I'm a well-built Misery Machine.

I can take it.

Lonely on a Traverse City Night

No clouds in the sky
The stars are shining bright
I'm lonely on a Traverse City night

At the club, I guess I was just a hard sell
No woman wanted to go back with me to my motel
The cops are patrolling the streets
Giving te drunks drivers a fright
I'm lonely on a Traverse City Night

Pulling into the motel, thinking about love
Enter the room and look at the heart-shaped hot tub
Fill it up and strip down
Relax and try to to forget about this round

Try to forget about love
And try to forget about being lonely on this Traverse City night

Goal #1:
Write 200 poems
by 6/8/09.

Yesterday
my throat
felt nasty.

I need some
war,
then peace.

“See ya later.”
“See ya.”
—leaving South Side Willy's

I kinda got
my groove
back.

Writing makes me
hot, sweaty,
and itchy.

Read Howard Zinn—
it's good
for you.

Depression—
the feeling I'm
most familiar with.

My hand
is
thawing out!

The setting sun
creates a
shadow for me.

End of summer—
colder days,
shorter days.

Haiku's can
be utilized
as notes.

The Kitty Cat

A cat from the neighbors house would come around whenever my brother and I were spending time out at our Grandparent's house. We would play and hang out with it, and fed it a bowl of milk.

Dad and I started to head into the woods to hunt rabbit. The cat was chilling on a tree branch, watching us. "Get out of here! GET!!!" Dad yelled.

The cat didn't budge. Dad lifted his gun and took aim. "NO DAD! DON'T!" I yelled.

BOOM!

He missed the cat, which jumped off the branch and made a run for it. Dad shot at it two more time while I pleaded with him to stop. He did stop, called it a "filthy cocksucker", and we went further into the woods.

The cat continued to come around and we fed it milk.

Poor Guy

I saw a business man today, wearing some fancy clothes,
I looked at my ragged jacket and said to myself “I wouldn't mind wearing some of those”
I wouldn't mind wearing some of those, poor guy
I wouldn't mind wearing some of those
I would love to wear some fancy clothes
but I'm sure you know how it goes.

I peaked into an Italian restaurant
and saw a family eating lunch
I tossed some crackers into my mouth
and listened to them crunch
I listened to them crunch, poor guy
I listened to them crunch
Someone told me this would happen to me one day
I remembered that as I munched

I wasn't very long 'til I went to the shelter
and asked if I could stay the night
But the clerk showed me that the shelter was full
and boy was it a sight
Boy was it a sight, poor guy
Boy, was it a sight
I put my gloves and beanie back on
and went back out into the night

A truck driver picked me up
and I could finally rest my thumb
I melted into the warm truck seat
while listening to the engine hum
While listening the engine hum, poor guy
while listening to the engine hum
I'll probably continue my wandering ways
until my life is done

**Based on the tune “Poor Boy”, first heard from Woody Guthrie*

I despise
filling out
applications.

Fourth of July—
not feeling
patriotic at all.

The bartender
taught me
a trick.

Shorts are
tighter—gut is
sticking out.

June 22, 2008:
George Carlin
died.

Getting
another
drink.

Houghton Lake:
Michigan's biggest
inland lake (I think).

I'm too
fucking fat
to stage dive.

Sitting here, watching
steam come off
the pavement.

“See ya, Rock—
I'm going
out tonight!”

South Side Willys—
I'm back
home again.

Our reflections
are in
the window.

Waste Product

I fully expect
to see my heart
floating in the
toilet sometime
soon—dirty,
useless junk
my body doesn't
need.

Paper Boy Jam

Braving the projects, mean mugging the dogs
Delivering the advertisers through the rain, shine, sleet, and fog
Confronting all the crazies, from Delusional Debbie to Psycho Sam
Giver that poor boy some credit, and do the Paper Boy Jam!

Now that paper boy might just be a female
And she has the exact same shit on her tail
She's a fellow worker—a member of the damned
Show her some love, and do the Paper Girl Jam!

Paper boys and girls hitting up every porch
Delivering so fast that the sidewalks end up scorched
If only they got paid more, their job wouldn't be a sham
Then they would engage in their very own jam!

Hemingway had a
mustache—
so did Rimbaud.

Gonna go
drinking
tonight.

Nearly 21
and I feel like
a piece of shit.

I'm
covered in
sweat.

Let's write a
pretty haiku—
don't be afraid of the paper.

Sun shining
on the
puddles.

The only class
I enjoy
is Creative Writing.

So many
songwriters
to study.

I gotta
floss more
often.

10-15
more minutes
to go.

My pool game
is off
today.

More
job searching
tomorrow.

Workplace Mindset Rag

I wanted to be a writer since I was in the sixth grade... The styles occupations and goals have changed and continue to change but I'm pretty sure I've thought about writing more than I've actually done it... This past week at work I wrote a poem in my brain... It came in disjointed sections and they barely connected... I tried to put it together but these Legos just refused to be jammed together... I was making myself sick... I was selecting in the Blue Room jumping on and off the mid-rider jamming eight pages worth of clothes into four boxes... The part of my mind that was on auto-pilot was attempting to put the right labels on the right clothes... My day job brawling with my occupation... I got lightheaded hot and nauseous... I tried to stop thinking but all I did was slow down... I breathed deeply and gulped water powering on through getting 90's and 100's on the rates... That first break came and I didn't write like I wanted... I bought an Italian meatball sandwich and milk read the Perspectives page and went back to work no longer poetic but only partially submitted to the grind.

The Rambling Wobbly

I'm a rambling Wobbly
And I've rambled all around
Wherever workers are in need of help
I'll be there on the ground
I'll be there on the ground

I was up in Grand Rapids protesting with the barista's one day
When I met and fell in love with a beautiful union maid
A beautiful union maid, maid, maid
Union Maid

She offered me some coffee, told me it was a must
She took a hold of my hand and I started to blush
I started to blush, blush, blush
Started to blush

I could never love a Republican, the reason I'll tell you why
Never did meet a Republican whose every word wasn't a lie
Whose every word wasn't a lie, lie, lie
Wasn't a lie

I could never love a Democrat, they're just the same
I'd rather love a union maid and not feel any shame
Not feel any shame, shame, shame
Any shame

The One Big Union's coming, it's coming up right quick
The only question I have for you is 'which side will you pick?'
Which side will you pick, pick, pick
Will you pick

**Based on the melody of the folk song "Gambling Man" (also known as "Roving Gambler"), via renditions by The Floorbirds and Woody Guthrie*

The giant metal
toad is no
longer with us.

Fascists of all
kinds can
fuck off.

It's
-4 degrees
this morning.

I will not
be walking
the dog tonight.

My dog drinks
from a
puddle.

Some haikus are good,
some are bad—
thats the way it is.

Sitting in front of
my old junior high,
feeling good.

“STOP! STOP!
Don't shit in
that guys yard!!!”

I don't
wanna die
in Michigan.

I can't get
a job
in Michigan.

Damn!
I made
that shot?!

Jack Black was
right:
You CAN'T Win.

Some Names I've Written Down on the Check-In Sheet at Michigan Works

Woody Guthrie
Satan
Elvis Presley
Gary Schuelke
Jesus Christ
Floyd Spicer
Homeless Man
Adolf Hitler
A Poor Poet
Joseph Stalin
Joe Hill
Ernest Hemingway
Sonic the Hedgehog
I Lost My Job
I Wish I Was Rich
I Need Money
Poor Boy
I Hate Capitalism

Talking Job Search Blues

I got up in the morning around eight o'clock
I combed my hair and put on some socks
I was so tired I felt like I was going to die
I slapped myself and opened up the classifieds

"I rather be back in my casket—be comfy and warm forever and ever."

Yesterday I was told
There was a job available if I was bold
Enough to work midnights as a gas station clerk
There may be hardly any customers, but that's one of the perks

"Went there and ask for an application—the woman behind the counter said the position had already been filled."

I went back home and spent some time
Looking for a job online
Some jobs have been posted for only one day
From truck driver positions to internet surveys

"I know from experience that all those surveys are scams—one company I emailed my resume to hasn't responded back yet."

I went to the pool hall that night to have a drink
While listening to the jukebox I started to think
That there might be jobs away from the Great Lakes
I live in Michigan for goodness sakes!

"Maybe I'll finally move to California, or go live in Canada. Their economy can't be worse than America, can it?"

Pool Room Diaries—
a title for
a life story (?)

Ms. Pac Man—
brings back great
gaming memories.

What kind of
world am I
growing old in?

Someone staring at
me—
I glare back.

“Give me
five more minutes,”
she says.

Sitting in the
shade even
without the sun.

I'm
not
bored.

Ants are
crawling
everywhere.

Shooting hoops
with Sexton—
not making any shots.

I wanna do
my report on
the 1913 Massacre.

Children's Literature
should be
fun.

Visiting
Alpena Community College
during summer break.

Knowing How to Frown

Trust me on
this:

I have plenty
of reasons to
frown, and
little solutions
to turn them
upside down.

Killed a mosquito
as soon as it
pierced my skin.

No sun in
sight—but the
heat is still around.

Playing pool
to lift my blues.

Heavy eyes
and growling stomach
= American work life.

No pool balls
colliding, no ping
pong balls bouncing.

Yo, Bukowski,
bet you can't
handle this gig.

I am
that capitalist machine.
Click-Whir.

He's better at
burning bridges than
fighting his personal demons.

Big-ass fan:
blows air,
can't fly.

He plays alone.
I don't wanna join,
he doesn't ask.

No flap cap,
no watch—
some hope, perhaps?

Chicken and spaghetti
for breakfast—
greetings, toilet.

The Bare Flames

We all read a story about a guy and his gang of penguins who only wanted to be happy. Our assignment was to create our own abridge version of the book, with illustrations.

It wasn't in any way a happy time for me.
It showed in my version of the book.

It was the same story, but all the penguins drew were depicted as being dead (except the one scene where the man and penguins had to commit a burglary—they were vibrant and rocked stereotypical masks, beanies, and crow bars).

The most iconic of my illustrations from that assignment was the ending.

The man and his penguins are on a ship, about to sail away and live happily ever after.

The man was smiling and waving.

The penguins were on their backs, had X's for eyes, their tongues hanging out, and have wavy lines above them, indicating that they reeked and were, indeed, DEAD.

I got an 'A', and a written comment that said my version was very creative.

Writing underneath the
lights, cameras, and
wi-fi modems.

95%: my reward
for two days
of going H.A.M.

A punching bag
rests, waits,
contemplating.

Drinking,
playing pool—
feeling like Kerouac.

The cat lays
underneath the
car.

I'm going on
a journey—
see ya later.

A hot
summers day—
no bottled water.

Two job interview
out of
the way.

Like other dogs,
mine is attracted
to fire hydrants.

Whoops!
Made a
mistake!

Time is passing
by slower
than usual.

Two more discs
of Smallville Season 2
to go.

The Silver Houdini

Donovan wrapped himself around the bike he had ripped off. He bit down on the handle bars. The cops used that as their excuse to mace him.

The first half of his night in the tank was spent sleeping. The second half was spent pacing around. He gargled water and, when he spit it on the floor, thought he felt something get loose. He yanked at each tooth. He swished and spit more water, and ran his tongue around until he was released.

He called his Dad to come pick him up. They argued about the stolen bike. The topic changed when Donovan noticed they were going towards downtown. They argued about why he wasn't being brought to his Grandparent's house. Donovan's Dad stopped in front of the homeless shelter. Donovan got out and his Dad peeled away, leaning over to close the door when he was properly aligned on the road.

Donovan skipped morning prayers and breakfast. He went back to where the bike was. It was gone, along with the chain he used to lock it to the tree. The marks in the dirt he made with his feet were still there, though the spot was now covered in leaves that he didn't remember being there when he first started trying to sell it to Brown Trout Festival-goers.

“Tangled Up In Blue”
playing on the
jukebox—perfect.

My hands
are still
hurting.

Shit!
How could I
miss that shot?!

I murdered
a spider
today.

Being taught again
by a
familiar teacher.

I might get
my first check
this Saturday.

Just so you
know,
I didn't vote.

It's time to
stop writing—
going home.

These fucking cars
emit terrible
music.

This heat is
hell on
my dog.

A cat
watches us
pass by.

A middle aged
barfly flirted
with me.

One Dead

I told the
officers to
back off.
I had a gun
and was
ready to use
it.

I was going
down, and
I wasn't
taking anyone
else with
me.

3:05 a.m.—
keep on
reading.

Thank God
Hemingway
was born.

Everyone deserves
to go see
a movie.

Walking
to
Ella White Elementary.

The dead
don't fall
in love.

Don't ask me
about insanity—
depression, on the other hand...

Somehow I kept
my job—
hallelujah!!!

Children's Literature—
a genre I
should consider trying?

Psychology
has four
goals.

I almost
sat on a
screw.

She is
on my
mind.

My tires
hardly have
any traction.

Some Choice

I tried to crawl away.

I felt the bullets enter my back.

I then knew what Death had to offer over Life.

Going to
sleep in
five minutes.

Why was I
born like
this?

Getting up
at the crack
of noon.

I got
the
Haiku Blues.

The temperature is
killing my
skin.

The grocery cart
crashes into
the car.

My dog
sniffs around
for something.

Almost done
with this
song.

Huge death tolls
won't improve your
image in the world.

Thunder Dragon—
my favorite game
at Lee's Miniature Golf.

I often wish
I could live
my dogs life.

I need to
fuck—
and soon.

Ant Bleach Holocaust

They come in through the cracks in my walls and the space between my kitchen stove and sink, searching for those leftover bloody meat wrappers, or the plates that are covered in dried spaghetti sauce.

Each time I see one or two or three, I hit them with a spray of bleach cleaner. The speed and force of the spray stuns and distorts. Within a minute's time, they stop moving, becoming dots on my wall and table.

Agent Orange, I thought. This is what it was like when Americans and Vietnamese were doused in the forests and rice fields. I also think of mustard gas in World War I, and the various shit Saddam used to massacre the Kurds.

More ants! And there's a huge black spider on my window!

The bleach holocaust will continue, and this war will end whenever I decide to wash my dishes and take out the trash.

“For the love
of God, stop
whining you mutt!”

Going on
a trip
soon.

The dog is
no longer
running.

This class
almost got
cancelled.

Time to
go
home.

I pray that
capitalism will die
within my lifetime.

Previous job lasted
from July
to December.

The crushed
pop can
is rusty.

I just can't
stop daydreaming
about her.

I will
write a
picture.

Red spots
cover my
legs.

A crow and seagull
sit together
side by side.

Nice Thieves

Jack Black, Francois Villon, and I broke into AHS and destroyed all the pop and candy machines and smashed the cash registers. We hit ACC and did the same thing. The cops arrived in the front while we snuck out the back.

Villon shook our hands and ran into the woods (never to be heard from again). Black ran along with me, then wished me luck and jumped into the Thunder Bay river (I never saw him resurface and swim away).

I was caught running down the railroad tracks with my share of the loot sticking out of my sweatshirt pocket.

Even the most honorable of thieves will ditch you if the job fucks up. At least they were nice about it.

I told my
dog to
relax.

King of the Hill
is now on
Adult Swim.

Jamie is
now in this
class.

Gotta catch
up to
R.B.

This teacher
is alright,
I guess.

I applied for
a job as
a security guard.

I found a
penny on the
pool table.

The haiku virus
has infected
me again.

My Holy Guardian Angel
has yet
to arrive.

Heading home
due to
rain.

Haven't written
a haiku in
a long time.

The wind blows
the snow
every which way.

All Around

A Paris moon
is better than a
Michigan moon.
Not quite a
Tokyo moon,
but superior to
an American
Moon.

^

^

^

Getting the blues
in G.R
Trying to rejuvenate
in T.C.
My only hope
is Chi-Town.

This
Memo Book
has eighty pages.

Barista's
of the world
unite!

One of my
friends joined
the Navy.

I walk the dog
without having wiped
my ass properly.

Haikus make
excellent fuel
for fires.

I'll get
my check
next week.

Today my
teeth and gums
are irritating me.

I love
Guttermouth
again.

My last class
only has five
people in it.

Camping doesn't
agree with
my sinuses.

Are all the
hot barfly's
out on vacation?

Writing
poems and haikus
in class.

A Plan

I go out to the movies again, and your hand isn't holding one of mine. I wonder if this is part of some kind of plan, or if it just spontaneously happened.

Hopefully Jack Kerouac
can read this
from Heaven/Nirvana.

Crying made
me feel
good.

Within me
is a
wolf.

Woody Guthrie:
still bound
for glory.

Two Jehovah Witnesses

#1

I met her at Ground Zero's Halloween "Pimp and Ho's" party. It was hosted by Flavor Flav, who I remember only doing a bunch of crappy Ludacris covers. She was probably around my Mom's age. She was short and chubby. She was dressed like a whore—the oldest, most experienced whore around.

The Ultimate Whore.

I asked her to dance and we went out to the dance floor. While we danced and listened to Flav rap she told me a little about herself. "If my congregation finds out I'm here, they'll yell at me."

"Why would they do that?" I asked.

"Well, they did it last time when I went to a casino. They said I wasn't allowed to gamble or smoke."

Flavor Flav announced the beginning of the "Best Ho's" competition. We stopped and watched the people line up. She told me she wanted to go up there—but she still feared her congregation's reaction.

"You're a Jehovah Witness, aren't you?" I asked. She shuddered and lowered her head.

She went up (despite my claims that it was too late to enter) and, when asked by Flav why she was the best ho in the place, she proclaimed into the microphone, "Because I have the best ass in the entire club!"

She turned around and started shaking her big, old, flabby ass. She got into the finals, but didn't win. Unfortunately, I didn't see her for the rest of the night.

#2

I met her in my Foods and Health class. She often smiled and waved at me. I introduced myself during lab and we started hanging out.

She was as tall as me, had short blond hair, and long legs.

Awesome legs.

She often wore short skirts and black leather high heel boots.

One day, during a blood drive, she came in and told me that she felt insulted when someone asked her if she wanted to donate. She flashed a card in front of my eyes and said, "See this? This card shows that, if I'm in an accident, no one can give me a blood transfusion."

I read it and said, "You're a Jehovah Witness, aren't you?"

"Yes!" she said, smiling.

We hung out and flirted with each other. Once I took her to lunch, where she talked about her job at the Bower's Harbor Inn and how she believed that it was once haunted not by a ghost, but a demon. One time the teacher and I were joking about the Evolution- Intelligent Design controversies when she butted in. She thought we were having a serious debate, and started arguing why Evolution was evil.

My habit of singing to myself when bored ruined any possible relationship. She thought I was talking shit to her. "*You got something to say to me?*" she asked once, glaring daggers. "Not to *you* I don't" I shot back.

We still talked in class, but afterwards she just kept on talking about this muscular jock guy who was in her yoga class.

Now, whenever Jehovah Witnesses come to my door, I just don't close the door or tell them "Sorry, but I'm an atheist and your god doesn't exist" anymore. I remember these two Jehovah Witnesses and think about the other few attractive, sexy, seductive Jehovah Witness women that are out there in the world.

If more come along, I will welcome them, but I am looking for something fresh and new now.

Female Mormons, here I come.

-_^

Witness to Both Sides of Reality

I saw someone survive today.
That was on the street.

I watched someone die by jumping in front of an oncoming subway.
That was on the internet.

Tweets

Imagining Donald Trump as a more-mainstream Lyndon LaRouche.

Maturing as a drunk when you identify more with the characters in Cheers than you do with the characters in It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia.

My futon kills fascists.

Coming to terms with the fact that all you will have is fair-weather friends.

Intentionally wearing a union shirt while working a non-union job at a unionized workplace.

When depression refuses to evolve into existentialism.

[#PokemonGo](#) tip: Scour your local crack house for all sorts of rock-type Pokemon!

The awkwardness that follows an involuntary Bill Cosby impression.

Cleaning hack: bomb everything with baking soda.

Drake and Bill Cosby had the best sweaters of 2015.

Spoiling other movies while pretending you're spoiling Star Wars.

Anyone who uses the term "self-loathing" to describe someone they disagree with is a power-hungry hack.

Repeating "Temporary Problem" to yourself.

I hate the holidays more and more with each passing year.

Angry about living an existence where dreams will never come true.

Can't wait to get back to my empty room.

When your teenage years were worse than the pop-punk songs you loved at the time portrayed.

Living a life without grown up emotions.

That shitty 2007 computer animated Beowulf film would have been a blockbuster if it had starred Hulk Hogan.

A horrible anime-based rap song becomes your entrance music.

Indulging in conspiracy theories.

Navigating the landscape of your day job like you would a game of Duel Monsters.

Too much nihilism for one week.

The eternal quest to become unemotional.

The desire to once again own a TracFone.

Not caring that I'm a fat ass anymore because it's nearly winter.

Longing for the JNCO jeans you wore in junior high.

Listening to this videogame's metal soundtrack and dreaming of what it would have been like in the early-mid 2000's.

Shopping at Trader Joe's in a Monsanto wind breaker.

Seeing yourself in the mirror and realizing that you look like a country-rapper.

Trump going hard to show that it's cool that he's human garbage. [#GOPDebate](#)

Wish I had cable so I could wallow in my inner nihilism [#GOPDebate](#)

White activists who think they're cool when they call people of color they don't like "tokens".

Thanking God that you will die alone.

You have more than earned this fedora.

Kanye rapping over the Indiana Jones theme song.

Drake rapping over the Doug theme song.

Realizing, and then indulging, in the power that your resting bitch face gives you.

It's hard, and it's redundant, but on the "dark" side, I'm keeping around the same hours as Batman and Dracula.

Pissing in a water bottle, then squirting it on your grave.

Craving an existential winter in Kalamazoo.

I only feel fashionable in the winter

Guy with an anti-liberal bumper sticker vacationing in Saugatuck, MI.

Regrowing my beard, just so I can once again experience the pleasure of a woman telling me she likes my "Daddy" look.

Let's try to live without getting emotional for at least one day.
I got plenty of reasons to smile—it's just hard to overcome learned behavior.

I imagine the darkness that awaits me when I die. I go insane for a second or so, then I go on with my life.

This notebook was made in Brazil, and is filled with my American chicken scratch.

Dreaming about your past life after getting shot at a Chief Keef concert.

Hiding your depressive tendencies by pretending to be a Zen Buddhist.

The manager makes his demands—"Dream Weaver" plays on the radio.

Ramblin' men who can only get part-time jobs.

Tales of a Lethargic Loner: Vol.1

The Michigander at my job who argues after the news report that the Civil War was about state rights.

The Michigander who has a Confederate flag sticker on his truck window.

Ugh, writers who claim they have "brands" are the worst.

The warmth that fills your heart when someone you despise admits that they didn't even realize you existed until now.

Dying alone, as usual.

"My writing is really original and 'necessary'. Here's where you can send me money via PayPal".—
every shitty writer I find on Tumblr.

A famous neo-nazi who commits suicide in a crack house.

Finding a shallow grave that's only meant you.

Realizing that, if computers can now dream, your chances of truly experiencing eternal nothingness has gone down to nearly zero.

Believing in workers' self-management until you become familiar with your co-workers.

Believing in anarchism until you start debating like minded friends on Facebook.

MRA's who use Hank Williams songs as their own personal anthems.

ISIS members who use Linkin Park and Limp Bizkit lyrics as battle cries.

Suggestion to God: just give up.

Effeminate Little Caesars employee rocking THUG LIFE tattoo on his knuckles
These eyes will always desire sleep.

You'll accept fascism because the stormtroopers have your schedule on hand.

When working with two nutjobs who talk to themselves makes you feel ashamed to talk to yourself.

I can already see myself tumbling down to failure with this book of Emily Dickinson poems in my hands.

Jared took the slogan "Eat Fresh" to a level that those of us with morals would never go.

Less Hollow Earth, more Neil Peart

Caucasian Crisis

Classic Dubstep

If I start getting sick, and my car starts fucking up, that means winter is officially here.

Fending off the desire to move to a smaller city by realizing that you'll trap yourself in the same boring hellhole that you grew up in.

That feeling in your heart when you realize you'll probably get an Uncyclopedia entry before a Wikipedia entry.

I judge bars based on how they price their PBR.

These shoes were made for mountains. It took a workplace to smooth them out .

Diogenes and Huckleberry Finn are the common ancestors of crusties, gutter punks, and traveler kids.

Nothingness is bullshit—there is always something I can get out of the void.

A Great Sadness

I wasn't the only one worried about him. This happened, that happened, and we didn't know what to think or do. When he answered the door on Halloween, I gave him a great big hug and started asking questions.

It went
downhill
from
there.

He's better now, but this image still sticks in my mind:

We were at the Strutt watching a band perform...He was sitting at a table with some people...He had a beer in front of him...His head was down and he was looking into the beer...That unshaven face those wide eyes...Something broke him...

and he
looked
so damn
lonely.



(Author portrait by Zach Elmblad)

Garret Schuelke is a writer and blogger currently residing in Grand Rapids, Michigan. He is the author of a novel, *Anamakee* (2016, Riot Forge), and three poetry ebooks. His work has appeared in publications such as *Cultured Vultures*, *A Thousand and One Stories*, *Horror*, *Sleaze*, and *Trash*, and *Revolution John*. His short story collection, *Whup Jamboree*, is scheduled to be published in 2017 by Elmblad Media Group.

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